Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome paper: tarry you a littell-a while.

Qu. I am glad hee is ſo quiet: if hee had bin throughly moued, you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly; but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe yoe your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is that French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meate and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a uis'do' that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and downe late; but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne Page*; but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack 'Nape; giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcuruy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make: ——you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas, he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter 'a ver dat; do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I will kill de Iacke Prieſt; and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon, by gar, I will my ſelfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well; Wee muſt giue folkes leaue to prate; what the good-ier.

Caius.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I [illegible] not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turne your head out of my [illegible] follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-fooles head of your ow[n]. No, *I* know *Ans* mind for that; neuer a woman in *W.* knowes more of *Ans* minde then *I* doe, nor can doe m[ore] then *I* doe with her, *I* thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, *I* troa? Come neere the houſe *I* p[raiſe] you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honeſt, and g[en]tle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall *I* doe any good thinkſt thou? ſhall *I* not lo[ſe] my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue; but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſworne on a boo[k] ſhee loues you; haue not your Worſhip a wart abo[ue] your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch a[nd] other *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as euer bro[ke] bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I ſhall ne[uer] laugh but in that maids company, but (indeed) ſhee giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing; but for you—well—goe too——

Fen. Well, I ſhall ſee her to day; hold, there's money f[or] thee. Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe; if thou ſe[e] her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will; And I will tell yo[u] Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we haue con[fi]dence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip; truely an hone[ſt]